

## THE NAUVOO NEIGHBOR.

IN EDITED BY

JOHN TAYLOR.

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### THE STORY OF A PIONEER.

We have seldom read a more remarkable story of hardship, suffering and perseverance than the following. And yet it is very probable that many thousands of similar cases have occurred within a few years in this country. When we remember the immense tide of emigration that continues to pour upon our shores, the week and month land at our seaports and pass on westward, many of them with only sufficient means to pay the fare of their wives and little ones to some point in the far west, we can readily imagine the privations and difficulties which a large portion of these adventurers must experience. Few, however, who persevere and with a similar spirit to that which animated the breast of John Peat, to whose narrative we invite attention, will ultimately fail. Sickness may attend them, poverty with ghastly looks may stare them in the face, famine may glare upon them for a brief season, and even death may hover about them. But with an earnest reliance upon Providence, and a determination to struggle on, the day of comparative independence will be certain to dawn upon the majority. The story of the Pioneer of Potter county should be circulated far and wide, especially among the emigrants and settlers of the remote sections of the Union, who, fainting by the way side, need some such encouragement as is given in this narrative.

It will be 23 years the 23d of May next since I moved into Potter county. Old Mr. Ayres was in the county at that time; and had been in the county about five years since. In the fall before I came, three families, (Benjamin Birt, Major Lyman, and a Mr. Sherman,) moved to the county. The East and West State road was cut the year before I moved in.

It was very lonely for several years; people would move in and stay but a short time, and move away again. It has been but a few years since settlers begin to stick. I made some little clearing, and planted some garden seeds, etc., first spring. We brought a small stock of provisions with us. On the 3d of July, I started with my two yoke of oxen to go to Jersey shore mill to procure flour. I crossed Pine Creek eight times going to, and eight times coming from mill; was gone eighteen days, broke two ax-trees to my wagon, upset twice, and one wheel came off in crossing the creek.

Jersey shore was the nearest place to procure provisions and the road was dreadful. The few seeds that I was able to plant the first year, yielded but little produce. We however raised some half grown potatoes some turnips and soft corn, with which we made out to live, without suffering, till the next spring. At planting time when I planted all the seeds that I had left, and when I finished planting, we had nothing to eat but leeks, cow cabbage and milk. We lived upon leeks and cow cabbage, as long as they kept green about six weeks—my family consisted of my wife and two children, and I was obliged to work, though faint for want of food.

The first winter snow fell very deep. The first winter month it snowed 25 days out of 30, and during the three winter months it snowed 70 days. I sold one yoke of my oxen in the fall, the other yoke I wintered on browse, but in the spring one ox died, and the other I sold to procure food for my family, and was now destitute of a team, and had nothing but my own hands to depend upon to clear my lands and raise provisions. We wore out all our shoes the first year, we had no way to get more, no money, nothing to sell, and but little to eat, and were in dreadful distress for want of the necessities of life. I was obliged to work and travel in the woods barefooted. After a while our clothes were worn out, and our family increased and the children were nearly naked. I had a broken sled that I brought from Jersey shore. I sold that to Harry Lyman and bought two fawn skins, of which my wife made a petticoat for Mary; and Mary wore the petticoat till she outgrew it, when Susan had it till she outgrew it, then it fell to Abigail and she wore it out.

For several years my small crops were much injured by frosts, and fruit trees would not grow well, but for several years past my crops have been but seldom injured by frost, and my fruit trees grew and bore remarkably well. My land was given to me by John Keating, (50 acres.) I have now only 18 acres of cleared land on this farm.

My crops, of late years, turn out to my entire satisfaction. I generally get from 30 to 50 bushels of corn to the acre, and from two ton, to two and a half of hay to the acre, other crops in proportion, except wheat, I have had but few good wheat crops.

I have now eleven in my family, have 16 head of neat cattle, 29 sheep, and have sustained some losses. My family have always been healthy here, and all that I have made was by hard work. I make my 16 acres of cleared land produce the value of from 250 to 350 dollars per annum, in grain and hay. I have bought and paid for 50 acres about fifty miles up the river, on which I have 8 acres cleared; on that farm I raise excellent wheat and rye. We make from 9 to 12 cwt of tub sugar each spring, from about 300 trees. We made one year from 37 trees, 3 cwt. of tub sugar. I have on this farm about 150 bearing apple, and 40 plum trees—I have endured great hardship here, but it is a healthy country; the water is pure, the land if well tilled produces good crops; the country has hitherto settled very slowly, but population and improvements are increasing rapidly, and the prospects of the country are very encouraging, and I am perfectly contented with the country—and any steady, sober and industrious man can do well enough in this country. A poor man can go on to a new farm here and pay for it out of the proceeds of the crops, much quicker than he can buy a farm in an old settled country.

I raise on my small farm an abundance of all the necessities of life, and have always something to spare. Our children often cried for bread during the first years of our settlement here, but we have now bread enough and to spare, and all other needed temporal comforts, wherewith we are all contented, and for which I hope we render a daily tribute of heartfelt gratitude.

For 23 years I have had no law suits, have not been a witness in any law trial, and have given but one note. I am a man of weakly constitution, but I think I have proven by fair demonstration that by industry and economy a man may live in Potter county.

The morals of the people have improved in proportion to the improvement of the country; until within a few years past, Potter county seemed to be a sink of iniquity; drunkenness and profanity, gambling and Sabbath breaking, were the leading features of the state of society, but the scene is now happily changed, and enterprise, industry, sobriety, peace and good order, and religion have gained the ascendancy. We now raise buildings without a drop of spirits being drunk on the occasion, without broils and contentions, and without an oath. We have stated preaching, by different denominations, at Coopersport, and the Sabbath day is generally regarded. I am now in my sixty-third year, and am about to settle all my concerns for time and eternity. I have endeavored to do my duty in all things—deal justly with all, and wrong no man—and if any man can say John Peat owes him ought—that he has ever oppressed the poor—turned the stranger and needy away empty—pitched the hireling of his wages—or in any way wronged any person—let him come forward and I will make satisfaction, to the utmost of my power, as I wish to go down to my grave in peace.

JOHN PEAT

### INDIAN ANECDOTES.

**Rules of Conversation.**—The business of the women is to take exact notice of what passes, imprint it in their memory, (for they have no writing,) and communicate it to their children. They are the records of the council, and they preserve tradition of the stipulations in treaties a hundred years back; which, when we compare with our writings, we always find exact. He that would speak rises. The rest observe a profound silence. When he has finished, and sits down, they leave him five or six minutes to recollect, that, if he has omitted anything he intended to say, or has any thing to add, he may rise again, and deliver it. To interrupt another, even in common conversation, is reckoned highly indecent. How different this is from the conduct of the British House of Commons, where scarce a day passes without some confusion, that makes the speaker hesitate in calling to order; and how different from the mode of conversation in many polite companies in Europe, where, if you do not deliver your sentence with great rapidity, you are cut off in the middle of it by the impatient loquacity of those you converse with, and never suffered to finish it. Instead of being better since the days of Franklin, we apprehend it has grown worse. The modest and unassuming often find it exceeding difficult to gain a hearing at all. Ladies, and many who consider themselves examples of good manners, transgress to an intolerable degree in breaking in upon the conversations of others. Some of these, like a ship driven by a north-wester, bearing down the small craft in her course, come upon us by surprise, and if we attempt to proceed by raising our voices a little,

we are sure to be drowned by a much greater elevation on their part. It is a want of good breeding, which, it is hoped, every young person whose eye this magazine will not be guilty of through life. There is great opportunity for many of mature years to profit by it.

**Lost Confidence.**—An Indian runner, arriving in a village of his countrymen, requested the immediate attendance of its inhabitants in council, as he wanted their answer to important information. The people accordingly assembled, but when the messenger had with great anxiety delivered his message, and waited for an answer, none was given, and he soon observed that he was likely to be left alone in his place. A stranger present asked a principal chief the meaning of this strange proceeding, who gave this answer: 'He once told us a lie.'

**Comic.**—An Indian having been found frozen to death, an inquest of his countrymen was convened to determine by what means he came to such a death. Their verdict was, 'Death from the freezing of a great quantity of water inside of him, which they were of opinion he had drunken for ruin.'

**A serious Question.**—About 1791, an officer presented a western chief with a medal, on one side of which President Washington was represented as armed with a sword, and on the other an Indian was seen in the act of burying the hatchet. The chief at once saw the wrong done his countrymen, and very wisely asked, 'Why does not the President bury his sword too?'

**Self-esteem.**—A white man, meeting an Indian, accosted him as brother. The red man, with a great expression of meaning in his countenance, inquired how they came to be brothers; the white man replied, O, by way of Adam, I suppose. The Indian added, 'Me thank him Great Spirit we no nearer brothers.'

**A preacher taken at his Word.**—A certain clergyman had for his text on a time, 'Vow and pay unto the Lord thy vows.' An Indian happened to be present, who stepped up to the priest, as soon as he had finished, and said to him, 'Now me vow to go home with you Mr. Minister.' The priest, having no language of evasion at command said, 'You must go then.' When he had arrived at the home of the minister, the Indian vowed again, saying, 'Now me vow me have supper.' When this was finished he said, 'Me vow me stay all night.' The priest, by this time, thinking himself sufficiently taxed, replied, 'It may be so by all, you say you will go in the morning.' The Indian, judging from the tone of his host, that more vows would be useless, departed in the morning sans ceremony.

**A case of signal Barbarity.**—It is related by Back Hawk, in his life, that some time before the war of 1812, one of the Indians had killed a Frenchman at Prairie des Chaux. The Frenchman soon after took him prisoner, and said they would shoot him the next day! His family were encamped a short distance below the mouth of the Outisconsin. He begged permission to go and see them that night, as he was to die the next day. They permitted him to do, after promising to return the next morning by sunrise. He visited his family, which consisted of a wife and six children. I cannot describe his mingling and parting, to be understood by the whites; as it appears that their feelings are acted upon by certain rules laid down by their preachers!—whilst ours are governed only by the monitor within us. He parted from his wife and children, hurried through the prairie to the fort, and arrived in time! The soldiers were ready, and immediately marched out and shot him down!—it was not cold-blooded, deliberate murder, on the part of the whites, I have no conception of what constitutes that crime. What were the circumstances of the murder we are not informed; but whatever they may have been, they cannot excuse a still greater barbarity. I would not by any means be understood to advocate the cause of the murderer; but I will ask, whether crime is to be prevented by crime? murder for murder is only a brutal retaliation, except where the safety of a community requires the sacrifice.

**Mourning much is a short Time.**—A young widow, whose husband had been dead about eight days, was hastening to finish her grief, in order that she might be married to a young warrior; she was determined, therefore, to grieve much, in a short time; to this end she tore her hair, drew spirits, and beat her breast, to make the tears flow abundantly, by which means, on the evening of the eighth day, she was ready again to marry, having grieved sufficiently.

**How to make a hard Question.**—When Mr. Gist went over the Alleganias, in Feb. 1751, on a tour of discovery for the Ohio Company, an Indian, who spoke good English came to him, and said that their great man, the Beaver, and Captain Opossumyunk, (two chiefs of the Delaware,) desired to know where the Indians land lay; for the French claimed all the land on one side of the Ohio River, and the English on the other. This

question Mr. Gist found it hard to answer, and he evaded it by saying, that the Indians and white men were all subjects to the same king, and all had an equal privilege of taking up and possessing the land in conformity with the conditions prescribed by the king.

**Credulity its own Punishment.**—The traveler Wansley, according to his own account, would not enter into conversation with an eminent chief, because he had heard that it had been said of him, that he had, in his time, shed blood enough to swim in. He had a great desire to become acquainted with the Indian character, but his credulity debared him effectually from the gratification. The chief was a Creek, named Flamingo, who, in company with another called Double head, visited Philadelphia as ambassadors, in the summer of 1794. Few travellers discover such scrupulousness, especially those who come to America. That Flamingo was more bloody than other Indian warriors, is in no wise probable; but a mere report of his being a great shedder of blood kept Mr. Wansley from saying any more about him.

**Just Indignation.**—Hatury, a powerful chief of Hispaniola, having fled from thence to avoid slavery or death when that island was ravaged by the Spaniards, was taken in 1511, when they conquered Cuba, and burnt at the stake. After being bound to the stake, a Franciscan friar labored to convert him to the Catholic faith, by promises of immediate and eternal bliss in the world to come if he would believe; and that, if he would not, eternal torments were his only portion. The canizque, with seeming composure, asked if there were any Spaniards in those regions of bliss. On being answered that there were, he replied, 'Then I will not go to a place where I may meet with one of that accursed race.'

**Humane Deception.**—In a time of Indian troubles, an Indian visited the house of Governor Jenks, of Rhode Island, when the Governor took occasion to request him, that, if any strange Indian should come to his wigwam, to let him know it, which the Indian promised to do; but to secure his fidelity, the governor told him that when he should give him such information, he would give him a nug of flip. Some time after the Indian came again: 'Well Mr. Gubnor, strange Indian come my house last night!' 'Ah,' says the governor, 'and what did he say?' 'He no speak,' replied the Indian. 'What no speak at all?' added the governor. 'No, he no speak at all.' That certainly looks suspicious, said his excellency, and inquired if he was still there, and being told that he was, ordered the promised nug of flip. When this was disposed of, the Indian was about to depart, he suddenly said, 'Mr. Gubnor, my squaw ave child last night; and thus the Governor's alarm was suddenly changed into disappointment, and the strange Indian into a new-born papoose.

**Mammoth Bones.**—The following very interesting tradition concerning these bones, among the Indians, will always be read with interest. The animal to which they once belonged, they called the Big Buffalo, and on the early maps of the country of the Ohio, we see marked, 'Elephants' bones said to be found here.'

They were, for some time, by many supposed to have been the bones of that animal; but they are pretty generally now believed to have belonged to a species of animal long since extinct. They have been found in various parts of the country; but in the greatest abundance about salt licks or springs in Kentucky and Ohio. There has never been an entire museum found, although the one in Peabody, in Philadelphia, was so near perfect that, by a little ingenuity in supplying its defects with wood-work, it passes extremely well for such.

The tradition of the Indians concerning this animal is, that he was carnivorous, and existed, as late as 1780, in the northern parts of America. Some De la wares, in the time of the revolutionary war, visited the governor of Virginia on business, which having been finished, some questions were put to them concerning their country, and especially what they knew or had heard respecting the animals whose bones had been found about the salt licks on the Ohio River. 'The chief speaker,' continues our author, Mr. Jefferson, 'immediately put himself into an attitude of oratory, and with a pomp suited to what he conceived the elevation of his subject,' began and repeated as follows:—In ancient times, a herd of these tremendous animals came to the Big Bone Licks, and began a universal destruction of the bear, deer, elk, buffaloes, and other animals, which had been created for the use of the Indians; the great man above looked down and seeing this, was so enraged, that he seized his lightning, descended to the earth, and sealed himself on a neighboring mountain, on a rock of which his seat and the print of his feet are still to be seen, and buried his bolts among them till the whole were slaughtered, except the big bull, who, presenting his forehead to the shafts, shook them off as they fell; but missing one at length, it wounded him in the side, whereof,

springing round, he bounded over the Ohio; over the Wabash, the Illinois, and finally, over the great lakes, where he is living at this day.

Such, say the Indians, is the account handed down to them from their ancestors, and they could furnish no other information.

**Narrative of the Captivity and bold Exploit of Hannah Duston.**—The relation of this affair forms the XXV. article in the Decennium Lustrum of the Magazine Christi Americana, by Dr. Cotton Mather, and is one of the best written articles of all we have read from his pen. At its head is this significant sentence—Dux Faemina Facti.

On the 15 March, 1697, a band of about 20 Indians came unexpectedly upon Haverhill, in Massachusetts; and, as their numbers were small, they made their attack with the swiftness of the whirlwind, and as suddenly disappeared. The war of which this irruption was a part, had continued nearly ten years, and soon afterwards it came to a close. The house which this party of Indians had singled out as their object of attack, belonged to one Mr. Thomas Duston or Dustan, in the outskirts of the town. Mr. Duston was at work, at some distance from his house, at the time, and whether he was alarmed for the safety of his family by the shouts of the Indians, or other cause, we are not informed; but he seems to have arrived there time enough before the arrival of the Indians, to make some arrangements for the preservation of his children; but his wife, who, but about a week before, had been confined by a child, was unable to rise from her bed, to the distraction of her agonized husband. No time was to be lost; Mr. Duston had only time to direct his children's flight, (seven in number,) the extremes of whose ages were two and seven months, and the Indians were upon them. With his gun, the distressed father mounted his horse, and rode away in the direction of his children, whom he overtook about 40 rods from the house. His first intention was to take up one if possible, and escape with it. He had no sooner overtaken them, than this resolution was destroyed; for to rescue either to the exclusion of the rest, was worse than death itself to him. He therefore faced about and met the enemy, who had closely pursued him; each fired upon the other, and it is almost a miracle that none of the little retreating party were hurt. The Indians did not pursue long, for fear of raising the neighboring English before they could complete their object, and hence this part of the family escaped to a place of safety.

We are now to enter fully into the relation of this very tragedy. There was living in the house of Mr. Duston, as nurse, Mrs. Mary Neff, a widow, whose heroic conduct in sharing the fate of her mistress, when escape was in her power, will always be viewed with admiration. The Indians were now in the undisturbed possession of the house; and having driven the sick woman from her bed, compelled her to sit quietly in the corner of the fire-place, while they completed the pillage of the house. This business being finished, it was set on fire, and Mrs. Duston, who before considered herself unable to walk, was, at the approach of night, obliged to march into the wilderness, and take her bed upon the cold ground. Mrs. Neff too late attempted to escape with the infant child, but was intercepted; the child taken from her, and its brains beat out against a neighboring apple-tree, while its nurse was compelled to accompany her new and frightful masters also. The captives amounted in all to 13, some of whom, as they became unable to travel, were murdered, and left exposed upon the way. Although it was near night when they quitted Haverhill, they travelled as they judged, 12 miles before encamping; and then, says Dr. Mather, 'kept up with their new masters in a long travel of an hundred and fifty miles, more or less, within a few days ensuing.'

After journeying awhile, according to their custom, the Indians divided their prisoners. Mrs. Duston, Mrs. Neff, and a boy named Samuel Leonardson, who had been captured at Worcester, about 18 months before, fell to the lot of an Indian family consisting of twelve persons.—Two men, three women, and seven children. These, so far as our accounts go, were very kind to their prisoners, but told them there was one ceremony which they could not avoid, and to which they would be subjected when they should arrive at their place of destination, which was to run the gauntlet. 'The place where this was to be performed, was an Indian village, 250 miles from Haverhill, according to the reckoning of the Indians. In their meandering course, they at length arrived at an island in the mouth of Katoakook River, about six miles above Concord, in New Hampshire.—Here one of the Indian men resided. It had been determined by the captives, before their arrival here, that an effort should be made to free themselves from their wretched captivity; and not only to gain their liberty, but, as we shall presently see, something by way of reparation, from those who held them in bondage. The horses, Duston, had reserved upon the first opportunity that offered any chance of success, to kill her captors and scalp them, and to return home with such trophies as would clearly establish her reputation for heroism, as well as insure her a bounty from the public. She therefore communicated her design to Mrs. Neff and the English boy, who, it would seem, readily enough agreed to it. To the art of killing and scalping she was a stranger; and, that there should be no failure in the business, Mrs. Duston instructed the boy, who, from his long residence with them, had become as one of the Indians; to inquire of one of the men how it was done. He did so, and the Indian showed him, without mistaking the origin of the inquiry. It was now March the 31, and in the dead of the night following, this bloody tragedy was acted.—When the Indians were in the most sound sleep, these three captives arose, and softly arming themselves with the tomahawks of their masters, allotted the number each should kill; and so truly did they direct their blows, that but one escaped that they designed to kill. This was a woman, whom they badly wounded, and one boy, for some reason they did not wish to harm, and accordingly he was allowed to escape unhurt. Mrs. Duston killed her master, and Leonardson killed the man who had so freely told him, but one day before, where to deal a deadly blow and how to take off a scalp.

All was over before the dawn of day, and all things were got ready for leaving this place of blood. All the boats but one were scuttled, to prevent being pursued, and, with what provisions and arms the Indian camp afforded, they embarked on board the other, and slowly and silently took the course of the Merrimack river for their homes, where they all soon after arrived without accident.

The whole country was astonished at the relation of the affair, the truth of which was never for a moment doubted. The ten scalps, and the arms of the Indians, were evidences not to be questioned; and the general court gave them fifty pounds as a reward, and numerous other gratuities were showered upon them. Colonel Nicholson, Governor of Maryland, hearing of the transaction, sent them a generous present also.

Eight other houses were attacked besides Duston's, the owners of which, says the historian of that town, Mr. Myrick, in every case, were slain while defending them, and the blood of each stained his own doorway.

There was a daughter of George Collier, and married William Neff, who went after the army, and died at Pennsylvania, Feb. 1698. Myrick, Mr. Neff 87.  
\* Their course was probably very indirect, to evade pursuit.

**THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND THE BAG MAN.**  
On the 12th of June, 1813, the battle of Waterloo was raging furiously. Napoleon and Wellington were in the midst of their 'great game,' and each intently regarding the 'moves' upon the complicated and chequered field. Squadron after squadron bore down upon our gallant infantry, as the big waves rose and broke upon her level shore, and then retire in unavailing fury and dispersing foam.—Then followed the devastating fire of artillery, ripping our brave and living masses in gory fissures, which were closed as soon as made, or avoided by a change of attitude; and then again came the fierce rush of the horse-boss and enthusiastic foe, with cuirass and uplifted sabre to be as often repulsed by a steady fire of musketry, or checked or routed by our own resolute and strong armed cavalry. Confident in the strength of numbers and the success of other days, Napoleon departed not from his favorite and furious system; and first in purpose as conscious of the unfailing means which he possessed for supporting it. Wellington saw the devastating havoc made upon his advanced battalions, while he coolly dispatched aid-de-camp after aid-de-camp from point to point, from position to position, preparing for various consequences, ransacking unfavorable aspects, availing himself of casual results or fresh intelligence, until his whole staff had left him. The directing spirit of the British lines sat, apparently so upon a review day, directing his eagle glance over the field, as though penetrating the dense smoke which arose from hard fought engagements, and distinguishing individual and individual among the countless figures mingling in the bloody conflict.—The baggage was constantly at his eye, and his favorite charger, 'Copenhagen,' seemed conscious of the importance of his good behavior upon that momentous day.

A few paces in the rear of his British, and mounted on a Flemish nag, with his unspeaking looking man with a rusty countenance, and in a staff, deliberately contemplating the scene of human strife, in which he took no part, nor in which, from his demeanor, one might imagine, he was deeply interested. He wore a green surtout, with drab trousers and gaiters; a hat of black diamond shape, with

the Duke of Wellington







voracity therein, between Mr. H. T. Wilson and myself, relative to the proceedings had after the late arrest by him of Joseph Smith. Now in order that the public may no longer be deceived in the premises, be pleased to publish together with this note, the above affidavits, that the charge of falsehood may attach where it properly belongs.

Very respectfully yours,  
E. SOUTHWICK.

Dixon: July 20, 1843.

"The Sea shall give up its dead."—On leaving the harbor of St. Mary's a short time since, the people in the boat saw a large red chest on the water, toward which they directed their boat's course, and succeeded in obtaining the chest.

This, on being opened, was found to contain the corpse of a young and beautiful female, clothed in a rich silk dress, and having three solid gold rings upon her fingers. And this was all that could be learned concerning her; who she had been, or the circumstances of her death remained to us still sealed; it is most likely, however, that the fair young creature had died at sea, and her body been committed to the waters of the deep, which thus had yielded it up again.

It only remains for us to add that the chest, with the body in it, just as it lay when first opened, was consigned to the grave, with the appropriate and solemn rites of Christian burial, in St. Mary's.—*Newfoundland Post.*

A Miser's Prayer.—Among many curious papers found after the decease of John Ward, member of the British Parliament for Hackney, there was one in his own hand writing, of which the following is a copy. It is an admirable satire, and we commend it to certain persons who must be nameless:—

"Oh Lord, thou knowest that I have my houses in the city of London, and likewise that I have lately purchased an estate in fee simple in the county of Essex; I beseech thee to preserve the county of Middlesex and Essex from fire and earthquakes; and as I have a mortgage in Arfordshire, I beg of thee likewise to have an eye of compassion on that country; and for the rest of the counties thou mayest deal with them as thou art pleased. Oh Lord, enable the bank to answer all their bills, and make all my debtors good men. Give a prosperous voyage and return to the Mermaid sloop, because I have insured it; and as thou hast said that the days of the wicked are but short, I trust in thee thou wilt not forget thy promise, as I have purchased an estate in reversion, which will be mine on the death of that most prodigal young man, Sir J.—L.—Keep my friends from sinking, and preserve me from thieves and house-breakers, and make all my servants so honest and faithful, that they may attend to my interest, and never cheat me out of my property night or day."

A Bright Boy.—Father, what does the printer live on? Why, child! Cause you said you hadn't paid him for two or three years, and yet you have his paper every week; and if all the subscribers serve him in the same way, I don't see, for my part, what in thunder the printer lives on. Wife, put that boy to bed—he's got no more manners than a young heathen.

At the Central Criminal Court yesterday, Joaquin Gonzalez, a Spaniard, was indicted for assaulting Mr. Aspell, the Consul for the United States. It appeared that the prisoner had for a considerable period of time annoyed the prosecutor and his clerks, at the office in Bishopsgate street, by claiming to be a citizen of the United States, and demanding to be sent home. Upon the occasion which led to the present indictment, the prisoner was very violent, and laid hold of the prosecutor and attempted to pull him down stairs. The prisoner was found guilty, and ordered to be imprisoned for a month, and to enter into recognizances to keep the peace.

Ancient recipe for the cure of the Gout. The ingredients for this remedy cannot be had without a little theft, but as no one's stock will be endangered, the sufferers will be content to run a little risk in order to obtain great relief.

1st. He must pick a handkerchief from the pocket of a maid of fifty years, who never had a wish to change her condition.

2d. He must wash it in an honest miller's pond.

3d. He must dry it on a parson's hedge that was never covetous.

4th. He must send it to a doctor's shop that never killed a patient.

5th. He must mark it with a lawyer's ink who never cheated a client. Apply it to the part affected, and a cure will speedily follow.

Judge Recommending Criminals not to plead Guilty.—Where it happens to a prisoner to answer in the affirmative, in appropriate language, to plead guilty, if he insists on it, the general understanding seems to be that he has a right to have such his plea recorded; in which case there is a necessary end of the trial, and the verdict follows of course. In practice, it is grown into a sort of fashion, when a prisoner has returned this answer, for the judge to endeavour to persuade him to withdraw it, and substitute the opposite plea, the plea of not guilty, in its place. The wicked man, repenting of his wickedness, offers what amendment is in his power; the judge, the chosen minister of righteousness, bids him repent of his repentance, and, in place of the truth, substitutes a harlequin lie. Such is the morality, such the holiness of the English judge.—*Benjamin.*

# HOW TO MAKE A TOTAL-LEVER.

EVAPORATION—ITS POWER—OR, THE IN-GENUITY OF TIPPING RATS.

Mr. C., commission merchant of this city, is known as an extensive holder of Western produce, and his stock is not more noted for its variety than for the superiority of the several articles which he keeps on hand. His per centage on the sale of Monongahela whiskey through the year would be by a man of moderate notions; he reckoned a liberal in coming. Customers came so quick to purchase, that to save the trouble of too frequently a recurrence to the barrel, he has been in the habit of keeping a sample-bottle in the store, always full or partially so, for their trial and inspection. He had found, for a long time, that the contents of the sample-bottle decreased very rapidly, daily, and in a manner at first, very mysteriously. He soon learned, however, that Sampson, the negro who staid in the store, was anything but a Washingtonian; and that he tried the strength of the Monongahela oftener than the whole of his customers. Desirous to know if his conscientiousness was as large as his attentiveness, he said to him on Monday night.

"Sampson, why is it that the whiskey in the sample-bottle diminishes so fast? Why, it has to be filled daily."

"Clare Go, Massa, I doesn't know," said Sampson, looking as serious as a converted sinner at a camp-meeting, but I tink, massa, it's carried off by de principles ob wot white folks call 'evaporation.'

"Oh! you do Sampson?" said Mr. C.

"I does, sartin, massa," said Sampson, "I tell you dat ere 'evaporation,' right strong. Gosh, it aint left a drop of hard cider in de country. I tink it's dat wot makes de whiskey so scarce, and not de tem'rance movement; as dey call it."

"Well then Sampson," said Mr. C., "fill the bottle now, and I will cork it so tight as to prevent evaporation."

"Yes sa," said Sampson. He filled the bottle; his master corked it, evaporation tight, and again it was placed on the shelf. Again, on Tuesday morning, it was found to have decreased considerably in quantity, and still more towards noon.

"Well, Sampson," said Mr. C., "find the whiskey is still rapidly decreasing. How do you account for it now?"

"We-wall, it be berry hard to 'splain, massa," said Sampson, "it be one ob dese 'sterious disappearances wot a nigger can't 'count for, and wot sometimes puzzles white folks, I tell you."

"But what is your opinion," said Mr. C.

"Wall, I tink," said Sampson, "to tell goramighty truth, dat de rats be drink in it, for dey hasn't joined de tem'rance 'society, as I knows on."

"Yes," said Mr. C., "but when it would get down as low as the centre of the bottle, how would the rats manage to get at it then?"

"Yah! yah! yah!" said Sampson; but, suppressing suddenly his cachinnations, he added, "Look heah, massa, I was just a goin to say as how you was green. Now, does you tink as how dem 'ere rats wot you sees about de store, and wot's so much in de car-baret at de corner—does you tink, I axes, dat seen so many takin jilups on de suction principle, dat dey doesn't know de use ob a straw? Wal, I reckon dey does, massa."

"Well then, Sampson," said Mr. C., "if the sample-bottle can neither be preserved from the rats nor evaporation, I must only submit to the loss and fill it whenever it is empty. Fill it now, and leave it again upon the shelf, and I care not whether you cork it or not."

Mr. C. told an acquaintance of his, an apothecary, of Sampson's partiality to the sample-bottle, and asked him if he could not give him some decoction to mix with it, which, while it would not visibly alter its color or taste, would prove less agreeable to Sampson's system than the pure Monongahela. The apothecary told him he could; and on the Tuesday before last, he furnished the required preparation. Sampson was sent on an errand in the early part of the day, and in his absence the obnoxious ingredients were introduced into the whiskey. To give Sampson a better scope, when he returned, his master went out, and staid away long enough to give the sample-tasting Sampson full play at the bottle. When he returned, he noticed a strange and peculiar rolling of Sampson's eyes; his lips were the color of stale venison; and he had all the singular characteristics in his appearance of a 'tick nigger.'—Mr. C. managed to keep him pretty busy, and, although appearing not to notice him, closely watched his movements.

"Wo!" he would shout, raising his leg up against his stomach; but still endeavoring to conceal his pain from his master, and again he would exclaim, "Ah! e-eeh!" wot! goramighty!" and he would brace his belly as

round with his hands and arms. At length, finding himself growing worse—that there was no chance of the pain abating—he threw himself on the floor and roared out, "Oh! massa, dis child's a gone nigger—oh! a-ah! ob-o-o-oh!"

"Why, what's the matter, Sampson?" said Mr. C., appearing to be suddenly astonished at the state of Sampson's bowels.

"Oh! massa," said Sampson, "oh! e-ah! e-oh! e-oh! massa, I see a gone chicken; ah! ee! o-oh!" and he wriggled about on the floor like a pea on a griddle, his eyes revolving like the beacon of a light-house, and his color changing like a dying dolphin.

"Why, what's the matter with you?" said his master.

"Oh! I doesn't know, massa, but I guess I've got the Tyler gripe, and de influenza, and black vomit, and all de oder 'plaints in general, and 'tick' lar on de high pressure, roarin ribber principle—oh, ah!"

The master offered Sampson a drink out of the sample bottle to cure him, but he turned from it as if it were a poison of the deadliest quality.

"Oh, I see how it is," said Mr. C., "he has been drinking the whiskey that I had impregnated with poison to kill the rats."

Sampson, in lugubrious tones, confessed he had. A dose of castor oil was administered to him, and in a short time he was as good as new.

Since then, neither the rats nor evaporation interfere with the sample-bottle, and Sampson is as strict a teetotaler, as if he had taken the pledge from Father Mathew.

## DREADFUL STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION.

The New Orleans papers bring us an account of another of those terrible accidents which occur so often on the western waters. The steamboat *Clipper*, commanded by the veteran of the Mississippi, Captain Laurent, who ran her as a regular packet between Byron Sara and New Orleans, burst her boilers on the morning of the 10th ultimo, while leaving Byron Sara on her way to Byron Tunica, for the purpose of taking a portion of freight. By this accident, the cabin, upper deck, wheelhouse, and boilers were completely blown away; the body of the boat was literally broken amidships, and sank. The crew consisted of 43 persons. One of the cabin passengers, Mr. L. Thomas, of Byron Sara, is missing, and the other Mr. Montemar, merchant of New Orleans, would not probably recover from his wounds. The Chronicle gives the following summary, from which it appears that 28 persons were undoubtedly killed:

Captain Laurent escaped unhurt; Mr. Bessy, chief clerk, missing, and the second clerk killed; John Tyson, chief engineer badly wounded, had both legs amputated; William Sumter, second engineer thrown 150 or 200 yards through the roof and gable end of a house into the back yard against the fence; one arm was torn off and the fragments of his carcass scattered over the trees; William Nelson 3d, engineer, free man of color, killed; August J. Kavant, pilot, missing; William Wall, pilot, killed; John Patterson, mate, badly scalded though likely to recover; Gabriel Pool carpenter was missing; watchman killed; chambermaid saved unhurt; five stewards all killed or missing; two of the cooks killed and one wounded; eight firemen killed or missing; four deck hands killed or missing. All those put down as missing are doubtless dead.

The Byron Sara Ledger says: One of the sufferers was thrown over our office, a distance of about 200 yards, and so mutilated as to be scarcely recognized; and another was hurled through a window into one of our public houses and lodged on a bed fully 100 yards distance from the boat—yet this man survived a few hours; and another was cast about the same distance and fell dead upon the levee.

Heavy masses of iron were hurled in every direction tearing away portions of the roofs and penetrating the walls of houses in the vicinity. The larger portion of one of the boilers fell upon the house occupied by Mr. Thomas, completely smothering the roof from comb to eve passing through to the lower floor, but fortunately doing no injury to any of the inmates.

## REVIEW OF THE SAINT LOUIS MARKETS.

Remarks.—We have but a few remarks to offer on the general character of the market, which has undergone some change, produced by the fluctuation in the receipts. The business of the week has been very good, without, however, being heavy; and should the rivers continue open till late in the season, the expectations of our merchants in the amount of business done, will have been realized.

The receipts of nearly all kinds of produce have been liberal—the quantity of bacon brought in has increased, and the receipts of wheat this week, exceeds that of last, by over 10,000 bushels—while that of tobacco and flour has decreased. Prices of nearly every description of produce have been well sustained. The changes that have been effected, will be found below.

The prospect of St. Louis offering a good market for hogs this fall and coming winter, is very flattering. Several of our merchants and packers of ample means, are making extensive preparations for slaughtering and packing, and we think that many indications will be offered to the farmers of this State and Illinois, to bring their pork to this market. The prospect is favorable for much better prices being paid this fall than the last; but at present what it will be, cannot be determined. One of our

most extensive merchants remarked to us yesterday, that he was willing to contract for 5,000 hogs, weighing 200 lbs each, to be delivered after the first of November, at \$2 per 100 pounds.

Floor.—There has been a little more animation in the market this week, but no heavy operations have been made, sales being confined to small lots country brands. Since Monday we have no load sales on the wharf at \$3 50; \$3 50 and \$3 62, at which figures the market is said to day. Small lots have been sold from stores to the bakers at \$3 75. We have heard of no sales City Mills. The receipts have been very light. The demand is limited, and full receipts would render the market heavy at \$3 50.

Wheat.—There is no foreign demand, and the millers want only prime qualities. We quote sales of prime lots at 60 a 62 cents, and a few superior lots at 64 a 65 cents, the first figures governing the market. Inferior descriptions range from 37 to 26 cents, according to quality.

Corn.—The demand for shipment has entirely ceased, and the price has declined to 20 cents without sacks, and 21 a 23 cents sack included, for yellow corn, and in but very moderate demand. The millers are paying for good lots of white 24 a 25 cents.

Oats.—Sales are made from waggon at 16 a 18 cents. We have noticed no sales on the wharf this week. There is no demand for more than is sufficient to supply the city, which is very well supplied.

But and Pork.—No sales.

Bacon.—The receipts have been quite heavy this week, and there has been a good deal sold. We quote sales of Sides at from 23 to 24 cents, according to quality and order; and the last day or two the market has been somewhat depressed.

Shoulders are in fair demand at 24 and 25, and Hams command from 4 to 6 cents, according to quality. There has been a large amount shipped this week—principally sides.

Lard.—Strictly prime is in demand at 5 1/2 cents, and inferior is in fair request at 3 1/2 a 4 cents. Very little has been received this week.

Tallow.—This article is in good demand. We heard of a sale yesterday at 5 1/2 cts. The market is firm at from 5 to 6 cts.

Butter.—Fresh butter is scarce, and will command 10 to 12 cts in kegs or firkins. Salt butter we quote at from 6 to 8 cents, as in quality.

Beans.—White beans are in fair request at 75 cents. Colored we quote at 62 a 65 cents per bushel.

Farley.—Sales have been made this week of prime parcels at 37 to 40 cents, and inferior is very dull at 30 a 35 cents. The market is well supplied.

Rye.—There is very little inquiry in the market, and we have heard of no sales this week.—We noticed a lot in market to-day, for which 25 cents was the best offer made.

Hemp.—The only sale of any magnitude this week, was that of 150 bales superior dew rotted on Monday, at \$3 50. There is a good demand and large lots in good order, will readily command our quotations. Inferior lots we quote at \$3 to \$2 25. There has been a few small lots water rotted received, but we have heard of no sale—nominal price \$4 to \$5 50, as in quality and order. A great part of the receipts was consigned to shippers, and has been sent forward.

Onions.—They are in fair request at 62 1/2 cts per bushel.

Potatoes.—We have seen none sold, except at retail, this week, but continue to quote them at 25 a 31 cts per bushel.

Dried Apples are in little demand at 50 and 62 1/2 cents per bushel.

## DR. S. BENNETT.

HAS removed his office to the north east corner of the block on the north side of the Temple adjoining P. P. Pratt's lot. n28-3w.

## LOST.

IN the vicinity of Carthage, on the route from Jacksonville to Nauvoo, a small leather valise containing one pair of thin pantaloons, two shirts, two bosoms, one pocket bible and some small pamphlets. Whoever will give information or return the same shall be rewarded.

MELVIN WILBER.

Nov. 7th 1813. n28-1f.

## NEW GOODS, VERY CHEAP.

PRATT & SNOW, corner of Young and Wells Streets, one block north of the Temple, Nauvoo, have just received from Boston the largest supply of Dry Goods ever opened in this city, consisting principally of good staple articles for fall and winter; such as Broad-cloths, Casimers, Satinets, Flannels, Shirtings, Sheetings, Calicoes, Boots, Shoes, &c. &c.

Cash wanted, and country produce bought and sold.

As we intend selling goods very cheap, and on the principles of honor, justice, and impartiality, no one need ask for credit, nor waste breath in bantering on the price, as we have but one invariable price either for cash or barter.

Nauvoo, Nov. 7, 1843.

MARRIED.—On the 19th of October, by Elder C. Wesley Wandell, Mr. Mathew More jun., to Miss Adelaide Martin, all of Nashville, L. T.

DEATHS.—For the week ending Monday the 30th ult.

Stephen Workman, 13y 2m; canker. Levi Shills, 38y; consumption. Samuel Clinton, 36y; ague and fever; (Cincinnati Ohio.) Brigham Cobb, 6m 20d; consumption. Alm M. Cotton, 8m 22d; inflammation of the brain. J. A. W. Andrews, 33y 15d; Monies. Sarah Hirst, 6m; chill fever. Mary Ann Raleigh, 20y; dropsy. Thoby Sarah Ann Stow, 8y; chill fever. (Iowa.) Lorina Brown, 21y; canker. Total 10.

W. D. HUNTINGTON, Sexton.

DEATHS.—For the week ending Monday the 30th inst.

Alexander Hutton, 6y; chill fever.

George Brindle, 38y; inflammation of bowels.

George Randall, 14y; ague and fever.

Kara Parish, 1y 3m 2d; scarlet fever.

Elizabeth Harrington, 42y; inflammation of bowels.

Robert Wignall, 30y; flux.

Wm. Campton, 32y; diarrhoea.

James Kibol, 18y; diarrhoea.

Lorenzo B. McGinness, 1y; canker.

Ann Maria Bar, 19m; (Laharpe.) Total 9.

W. D. HUNTINGTON, Sexton.

From the St. Louis Price Current.

## SAINT LOUIS WEEKLY PRICE CURRENT.

COMBINED WEEKLY.

from to

Wheat—per lb.

Soft, 7 1/2

Hard, 11 1/2

Barley—per dozen.

Collins, 18 00 18 00

Others, 14 00 18 00

Bagging—Mo. per yard.

State House—Mo. per lb.

Barley—per lb.

Castor Beans—per bushel.

Candles—per lb.

Sperm, 26 30

Tallow—Mould, 8 9

Dipped, 7 8

Steak—per ton.

Coal—per ton.

Pittsburgh—per bushel.

Musouri and Illinois, 7 8

Coffee—per lb.

Java, 13 15

Havana, 8 9

Rio, 8 9

St. Domingo, 12 10

Laguaira, 12 10

Chocolate—No. 1, 12 10

No. 2, 12 14

Copper—per lb.

Brass, 35 00

Shrading, 35 00

Bottom, 43 00

Flax, 43 00

Cardage—per lb.

Manila, 12 14

Tarred Rope, 9 10

Red Cord, Manila, per dozen, 2 25 2 50

Hemp, 1 75 2 00

Plough Lines, 75 1 00

Cotton Yarns—per lb.

Pittsburgh, 14 15

Common, 12 13

Dressings—per yard.

Brown Sheetings, 3-4 and 7-8, 57 1/2

4-4 and 6-6, 57 1/2

Bleached Sheetings, 3-4 and 7-8, 7 1/2

4-4 and 6-6, 8 1/2

Brown Drillings, 8 10

Barlape, 12 10

Brown Lower Cota bags, 10 12

Virginia, 10 12

Tinoline, 3-4 and 4-4, 9 10

Saltstuffs, 34 35

Kentucky Jeans, 25 26

Cotton Chaps, 10 12

Blue Drillings, 10 12

Mixed summer stuffs, 12 13

Dee Stuffs, 15 16

Madras, per lb.

Longwood, 6 00

Indigo, Sp. ceron, 1 25 1 45

Coppers, 9 10

Campwood, per lb.

Fustic, 48 00

Drugs & Medicines.

Ginseng, per lb.

Salsaparilla, Western, 7 8

Eastern, 8 9

A'm, per lb.

Quinine, per oz.

Brimstone, 5 6

Epsom Salts, 7 8

Four Sulphur, 7 8

Cream Tartar, 25 26

Turkey Opium, 3 75 00

Campwood, 12 13

Gum



Also, blank deeds may be had at the printer's office.

**TAYLOR & WOODRUFF**  
Nauvoo, May 3, 1843